

Who's That? by [lookaroundlookaround_23](#)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Carol (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Everyone, Billy Hargrove/Original Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Reader

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Summary:

The one time Billy gets along with Steve, when he asks why y/n hates Carol so much.

Who's That?

Author's Note:

Italics aren't working so I can't really show when Steve is narrating, please just bear with me.

I walked into History class. For the first time this school year. After a whole month of my bulimia getting so bad, I couldn't even be out of the bathroom for more than 5 minutes. Steve was there. Steve. He never tried to be there for me. I sighed. "Mr. Zimmerman, I haven't been here all year so, where should I sit?" I asked. "There's an empty seat next to Billy. Billy, please raise your hand." He called out. I walked over to the seat assigned to me.

"You're new too?" Billy asked. "No, I just haven't been here all year." I replied. "How come?" He asked. "I have bulimia and it got really bad." I said, looking down. "How'd you get it?" He asked. "I'd rather not say." I tucked my hair behind me ear. He shrugged.

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"So how about we do the research in pairs?" Jonathan suggested. "That's a great idea," Nancy smiled. "I can work with Jonathan and y/n, you and Steve can work together!" "I'd rather work alone." I said quietly. "I don't really understand this so it would be nice if we were partners so that you could help me out, y/n." Steve put his hand on my shoulder. "Alright then, I guess I'll just work in a different group." I rolled my eyes.

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I looked at the choices of mascara I had in my locker. Benefit, Marc Jacobs, Clinique, Kiko Milano and Lancôme. I decided to go with the Clinique mascara. The tube was prettier anyway.

"Look who's back!" Said a voice from behind me, making me drop the mascara tubes in my hand. "Jesus fucking Christ, Carol. You scared me." I bent down to pick up the fallen multi-colored tubes. "What took you so long to come back?" She asked. "I got sick." I

replied. "Hmm. Most times, I can tell if a person's sick because of their looks. But you, you must be sick everyday because you're pretty ugly!" She laughed. "Screw off, Carol." I slammed my locker shut.

"You good?" Billy asked me. "Yeah, I'm fine." I rolled my eyes.

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"Why do y/n and Carol hate each other so much?" Billy asked Steve. "It's a long story." Steve rolled his eyes. "I have time." Billy sat down on the bleachers. "Alright then." Steve sat up.

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"It all started in 6th grade,"

You could tell that y/n really had feelings for Tommy H. Nobody tried to call her out on it though. She laughed at every joke he made and smiled whenever he was around.

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"And then 9th grade came."

That year, Tommy asked her out. Nobody was surprised that she said yes. He made her so happy that she stopped caring about all the bad things going on. She was still best friends with Carol. Or she thought. Carol would be talking shit about y/n behind her back. Once, y/n even caught her doing it

"She's literally such a bitch! Why are you guys still friends with her!" Carol half-yelled. "Carol," I sat down across from her. "A bitch is a female dog, dogs bark, bark is on trees, trees are a part of nature, nature is beautiful so basically you're calling me beautiful so thank you!" "Go suck my dick." Carol said under her breath. "Can't suck a tic tac, hun." I winked. Tommy laughed.

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"After that incident, we all started avoiding her."

"So, I was thinking, how about we go see Flashdance tonight?" I grinned. "My parents are making me do extra chores since I got detention last night." Steve said. "I'm dog sitting tonight." Carol said. "I have to go buy a suit for the dance." Tommy said. "I guess I'll go

myself then.” I half-whispered.

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“But she didn’t. She wasn’t petty like that.

She stayed home and read.”

“But eventually, she found us.”

I went to the local diner in need of a milkshake... Or three. We were out of Neapolitan ice cream at home so I couldn’t make myself a milkshake. When I walked in though, I saw Tommy, Steve and Carol sitting together. Son of a bitch.

“What’s going on here?” I asked. “It’s called food, without y/n.” Carol smiled at me. “And why have all of you suddenly been avoiding me.” I exclaimed. “I did not lie last night.” Steve said. “Is that so?” I asked. “Cause Steve, your parents are in Canada, Carol you’re allergic to dogs. And Tommy, there is no dance coming up!” “Calm your titties, y/n!” Carol yelled. “Fuck you, Carol.” I said.

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“After that, her and Tommy would get in a lot of fights. It would end with either one of them walking out, y/n crying or silent treatment.”

Things with Tommy and I hadn’t been going really well. Especially this day:

We were dissecting cats from a pound in science. My lab partner was Tommy. Surprising right? Anyways, I took the scalpel before he could and started ripping open the cat’s stomach. “Y/n, do you understand this paper?” Tommy gently nudged my shoulder. I rolled my eyes and continued the dissection. “Y/n!” Tommy whisper-yelled. “Shut up, Tommy!” I replied. “Why are you like this?” He asked. “Go suck my dick.” I said. “You know you love my dick, y/n. The way it fills up your mouth-” “How the fuck is it supposed to fill up my mouth if it’s a tic tack?” I set the scalpel down.

Tommy laughed and shook his head. “You know who wouldn’t mind sucking your dick? Carol! She’ll open her mouth for anything with a pulse.” I exclaimed.

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“But one day, it really got out of hand.”

“But then she said ‘I have 155 kids’ and then I was like ‘when birth control doesn’t work!’” Carol said. I laughed really hard. Today was the first time Carol and I got along since the beginning of 9th grade. It felt great. “It really is great to have you back, Carol.” I smiled. “By the way, Tommy wanted me to give this to you.” She said. It was a grapefruit with a whole in the middle. I looked up at her. She made the ‘sex’ motion with her hands.

“Carol, what the hell.” I said. “Not my fault Tommy is pretty picky on what he likes.” Carol winked. I walked to a trashcan and threw away the grapefruit. I was already late for class and planned on skipping but Carol was pulling on my dick. Something’s obviously going on with her and Tommy. I am not skipping today.

“And it opens up-” “That’s what she said!” I said as I closed the door. I gave an apologetic smile to Mrs. Parton. As I walked to my seat, Tommy shook his head and rolled his eyes. “Ms. l/n, you interrupted my class!” Mrs. Parton yelled. “Excuse me, Mrs. Parton.” I smiled politely. After minutes of Mrs. Parton talking, she let us do our work.

“So Tommy, grapefruits?” I asked. “No. Why would you think that?” He said. “It’s what Carol said.” I replied. “Well she got it wrong.” He rolled his eyes. “Really? Because you’ve been really pissed off with me since the beginning of the school year so it would make sense if-” “Y/N SIT NEXT TO STEVE NOW!” Ms. Parton yelled.

I rolled my eyes and obeyed. “Y/n, Elvis Presley called. He wants his shoulder pads back!” Vicky laughed. “Hey Vicky, go fuck a truck!” I stuck up my middle finger. “Y/n, sit down!” Steve whispered. I groaned. “Hey, Y/n, why do you have to be such a bitch!” Tommy yelled. “What do you mean?” I asked. “You’re always yelling at people, pissing people off.” He yelled. “And so many people ask me why I’m dating you! Carol thinks you’re a bitch, Steve thinks you’re a bitch and I definitely think you’re a bitch. Get this through your head: nobody likes you.” A bunch of people applauded him.

For once, I was speechless. I mean like I’m not shocked that they think I’m a bitch. Carol already said it.

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“And then came the really painful part.”

This year, I decided to call Steve. He wasn’t really the one at fault, he just didn’t do anything. There was a Halloween party tonight. I wasn’t really friends with the hostess but she knew that I was coming back to school in a few weeks so it would be nice to get some bonds going. I was going as myself. Original, right?

When I got to the party, Nancy spotted me and waved me over. “Y/n, it’s so good to see you!” She smiled and hugged me. A genuine smile. “It’s good to see you too.” I smiled. “Hi, Steve.” He looked shocked to see me. “Hi, y/n. I’m sorry about everything-” “I’m over it.” I grinned.

“Look who’s back.” Tommy said. “Hello, Tommy.” I said. I’m over him. I can do this. “You lost a whole 20. And you look like a fucking stick.” He looked me up and down. It’s true. It’s what bulimia does. “Yeah, but I’m still thicker than your dick and I feel great.” I said. “By the way Carol, get him a grapefruit. You don’t want to get herpes from him.” I smirked.

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“And that is how it happened.” Steve said. “Wow.” Billy said. “But don’t tell her I told you that story.” Steve said. “I can’t even talk about it?” Billy asked. “No!” Steve laughed.

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